



Dark Side by poison whiskey

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Summary: in which a young group of misfits discover a dark side to their small town. eddie kaspbrak x fem oc

1. authorsnote

hi!

so this story was originally published over on wattpad and I will be updating it over there first and publishing the finished chapters here later on lol there's also some more stuff over there if you wanna check it out, my user is sevenwonders-

anyways this is an eddie x fem oc story so if you don't like seeing eddie with a girl... sorry lol don't read it if ya don't like it

and please don't be a silent reader, any feedback (positive or negative) is welcome as it'll help me improve as a writer

- sam

2. One

Friday September 14, 1985

If you were to ask Beck what her favourite subject in school was, 'lunch' would be the answer that tumbled out of her mouth every time, a wide smirk plastered on her lips knowing that yes, technically lunch wasn't a subject but it was the best part of her day. And not just because food was involved. It was the only time during the school day where Beck was comfortable with being by herself, because she could actually be *alone*. It was odd for Beck to think about, because any time a group of friends passed by her in the halls or she caught people slipping notes to each other in class, she found herself riddled with jealousy and longing for what everyone else but her seemed to have.

She realized quite quickly that there's a major difference between feeling alone when it's just you, and feeling alone even though you're surrounded by other people. And for Beck, the former seemed less... *sad*.

Other students spoke to her, of course. But it never went beyond the occasional 'Hey, how are you?' when passing the other in the halls, or running into each other in the bathroom. As much as she wished she could have at least one friend, Beck didn't mind too much. So far, there was no one that Beck felt she had a connection with.

Until, by some weird turn of events, she found that connection with a little freckle faced germaphobe.

A 10 year old Beck scurried to her locker after the fourth period bell, trying her best to blend in with the other students to avoid who she considered to be the embodiment of Satan himself, Henry Bowers. Beck was one of many that he preyed upon, though she couldn't understand why at first. But she quickly realized that Henry didn't need a reason to target someone - he went after whoever, whenever just because he could.

Despite all of that, Beck wasn't afraid of him. She considered him more of a nuisance than anything else, almost like a fly that

constantly buzzed around you despite being swatted numerous times. If it had been any other day, Beck would have walked the halls with her head held high without a care in the world, but not today. Her science class had just received their test results from a few days prior - a test which Beck had completely forgotten about and nearly failed. The bright red numbers reading '55' scrawled messily in the top corner of the page made her scowl, and she crumpled the test into a ball when the teacher wasn't looking and shoved it into her backpack, all the while mumbling curse words under her breath.

Understandably, Beck wasn't in the mood to put up with any harassment from Bowers and his gang so once she was sure the halls were clear of them, she grabbed her lunchbox and shut her locker a little too harshly, earning an odd look from the curly-haired boy standing a few lockers down from her. Beck sent an apologetic smile his way and rested her back against the lockers, the cool metal sending slight shivers up her spine as it brushed her bare arms. She thought for a moment about where she would spend her lunch period - her usual hangout was the girl's bathroom on the first floor, but she remembered that someone in her math class had briefly mentioned Greta and her friends having a 'meeting' in there during lunch, so that was off limits.

The second floor bathroom was an option, since it was almost always vacant. But that probably had something to do with the fact that the bathroom in question was always a disgusting mess, with the garbage bags overflowing and god knows what littering the floors. Beck was desperate for solitude but not that desperate.

There was only one other place Beck could think of to go, and that was the janitor's closet at the end of the hall. It wasn't the ideal place, with the amount of shit piled in the already small space she wouldn't have too much room to move around. But it was better than listening to someone peeing next to her while she ate.

Her converse squeaking against the tile floor was the only thing Beck could hear as she made her way to the end of the hall, her tiny fingers fidgeting with the zipper on her light blue lunch box. The metal doorknob felt cool on her fingertips, and she had to pull with quite a bit of force to get it open but once she did, the smell of bleach and other cleaning supplies hit her like a brick wall. But, it was better

than the stench of the bathroom so Beck couldn't really complain.

She kept the door cracked open about half an inch as she situated herself on an overturned bucket sitting in the center of the small space. It wobbled slightly with her weight, so she had to sit just on the edge. It wasn't the most comfortable position but again, it was better than the alternative.

Beck unzipped her lunch box, a smile gracing her lips as she noticed the sticky note resting on top of her sandwich. '*Love you, honey!*' was written in her mother's neat handwriting, the word 'honey' was written in quotations and Beck immediately knew why. One of her favourite sandwiches was peanut butter with strawberry jam and honey, but it was a rarity in the Henderson house. If they had honey always available to her, Beck would eat those sandwiches for every meal. Was it unhealthy? Of course. Did she care? Not even a little.

She unwrapped her sandwich and took a big bite, but she didn't get a chance to savour it at all when the telltale creak of the door opening at the end of the hall caused Beck to pause mid-chew, and the footsteps and laughter that followed made her heart start to race.

Bowers. Fuck.

She gingerly reached up and gripped the doorknob, cringing as the door shut with a loud click. There was no way Beck could escape him if he figured out she was hiding there. There was nowhere for her to go.

"Fuck, fuck, fuck..." She squeezed her eyes as tightly as she could, her knuckles turning white from her grip on the handle. For a moment, Beck found herself feeling like a child again with the whole 'if I can't see you, you can't see me' mentality. With each step they took in her direction, the quicker her heart started to pound in her chest. As they approached the closet, Beck could faintly hear another voice mixed in with the laughter. A tiny, out-of-breath voice that she knew didn't belong to anyone from Henry's group.

"Eat shit, Kaspbrak!" Beck's hazel eyes snapped open and any nerves she was feeling were immediately replaced with anger the second those words left Henry's mouth.

Bullying was something Beck didn't take lightly, especially if it was being done to someone else. She tried her best to help out anyone who needed it, which usually got her into more trouble but she felt it was worth it to see the smiles on their faces. Beck could handle most of what was thrown at her, but a large majority of the bullied students were completely defenceless.

Beck stood from her seat once she heard the squeak of the trash can outside, her half-eaten lunch tumbling to the ground in front of her. Of all days, it just had to be today. She assumed Henry had heard it, because the laughter had ceased a few moments later.

"Hey! Who's in there?"

The door swung open harshly, the sound of it hitting against the trash can echoed in the empty hallways as Beck stepped out with a scowl etched onto her tiny features.

"Are you that insecure, Henry?" She seethed, pure venom in her voice as she motioned to the tiny boy that Henry had gripped by the back of the shirt. "Are you so insecure that you feel the need to pick on someone two years younger than you and literally less than half your size?"

Pissed was an understatement. Beck was furious. Her test score had put her in a shit mood to begin with but this was just the icing on the cake. Today was a day that Beck Henderson would not take any of Henry Bowers' shit, regardless of how it ended up for her.

A predatory smirk appeared on Henry's face and tossed the boy to the side, the contents of his fanny pack scattering all across the floor, which only fuelled Beck's fire even more.

"Well, look who finally decided to show her face. We know you've been avoiding us, Becky." He took a step towards her, his minions - Belch and a Patrick - followed suit with equally disturbing smiles on their lips.

"Don't-" She hissed through her teeth, clenching and unclenching her fists at her sides. "-call me Becky. I'm not in the mood for your shit, Bowers. Leave the poor kid alone."

"You mean this kid?" He pointed to the boy on the ground who was still struggling to gather up his things. "Did you hear that, Kaspbrak? Your little girlfriend wants me to leave you alone. How cute." The poor boy's fingers barely grazed his inhaler before Henry swiftly kicked it away from him.

Beck lunged in his direction, but was promptly held back as Belch and Patrick each grabbed one of her arms. She struggled hard against their grip, twisting her body in all directions hoping that one of them would loosen their grasp just enough for her to make her move. But her attempts were proven useless because the boys were too strong for her.

Henry strode over to Beck and crouched down so his face was level with hers. She recoiled in disgust at their close proximity, resisting the urge to gag as his breath wafted into her face. "You're a brave one, Becky. Almost too brave." He chuckled darkly and roughly grabbed Beck's shoulder. "Haven't you figured out by now that this never ends well for you?"

With confidence Beck didn't even know she had, she narrowed her eyes at Henry and spat directly in his face. "Screw you, *Bowser*."

The look in Henry's eyes was that of pure hatred towards the young girl, yet the corners of his lips still tugged upwards in a small smirk. The combination of the two gave Beck an uneasy feeling in the pit of her stomach.

"Trash her."

Beck was lifted off the ground before she could comprehend his words. She kicked wildly in his direction, praying that one of her feet would make a connection with his head, but he simply stepped to the side out of her reach.

"Fuck. You. Let go of me, you pricks!"

"She's a feisty one today, boys. Perhaps this will shut the bitch up."

Beck continued to yell profanities at the three boys, failing to notice a pair of sparkling brown eyes full of confusion and amusement

watching her.

Patrick and Belch shared a smirk before dumping the small girl carelessly into the bin. Her knees were tucked painfully under her chin and due to her position, she found herself struggling to take a deep breath in. She gripped the rim of the can and tried to pull herself up, but she was wedged in too tightly.

Beck mumbled curse words under her breath, banging the back of her head against the wall of the trash can. "Perfect. Just perfect. You'd think I'd learn my lesson by now, but nooo. I just have to be the hero because I care too much and have too big of a heart to not care. Stupid move, Beck." She sighed and let her eyes slip shut as she leaned her head back. "Stupid fucking move..."

"Um...hi." The unexpected voice caused a small squeak to erupt from Beck's lips, and she peered up through her eyelashes to find a set of amber eyes staring down at her.

"Hey."

It was the Kaspbrak kid. Beck wasn't expecting him to stick around. The kids she tried to help out never usually did. As soon as the focus was off of them and on Beck, they disappeared. Not like she could blame them, though. If the roles had been reversed, she'd want to get out of there as quickly as possible, too.

The pair stared at each other for a few seconds, and Beck noticed a weird feeling build up in her chest. A feeling she had never experienced before, but it wasn't a bad one. She couldn't explain why or how, but she felt oddly content staring into his eyes, despite swimming in multiple layers of garbage.

She awkwardly cleared her throat and directed her gaze to a half-eaten apple resting by her knee. "Do you mind, um...helping a girl out? I don't know what I'm sitting on and I'm not even sure I want to know, but it's wet and extremely uncomfortable."

The boy hesitated for a moment, his eyes scanning over the contents of the bin. The smell emanating from it was enough to make him gag as he took a step back and pinched his nose. The thought of sticking

his hand in that filth terrified him, but he would never forgive himself if he just left the poor girl there, especially since he knew it should've been him.

He slowly reached a hand out to her, his cheeks tinted a faint pink as her cool fingers wrapped around his. It took awhile, but with the added force of the boy tugging on her Beck was able to un-wedge herself enough to climb out. With her feet planted firmly on the floor, she turned to thank him but he was occupied by something else. He furiously dug through his fanny pack, and Beck noticed his growing agitation when he couldn't find whatever it was he was looking for.

"Come on, come on. Where the hell is it..."

She spotted a small bottle of hand sanitizer lying to the left of her, and assumed that was the reason why the poor kid was currently on the verge of a panic attack. "Missing something?" She chuckled lightly and picked up the bottle, gently tossing it in his direction. He nodded once in thanks, and Beck watched with growing curiosity as he doused himself in the liquid, scrubbing furiously in an effort to make sure every inch of his exposed skin was sanitized.

"I guess it's a good thing I came to your rescue, huh?" Beck questioned, moving around the fidgety boy to retrieve her spilled lunch from the closet. There was a hint of amusement in her voice, though the boy didn't notice. He was too occupied by the thought that, what if it had been him? He would've rubbed his skin raw to rid himself of the horrible smell, and even then he still wouldn't have felt clean.

"Um...yeah, I guess so. I mean, thank you. For standing up to him, you really didn't need to do that." He refused to meet her lingering gaze as he stared down at his shoes. "We don't even know each other."

"You don't need to know someone to be kind to them." Beck sent him a toothy grin as she toyed with the sleeves of her sweater. "And thank you, by the way. You didn't have to stick around for that."

He merely shrugged in response and cast his eyes up to meet hers, an unfamiliar feeling bubbling in his stomach when he noticed the way

her nose scrunched up just a little bit when she smiled with her teeth. "N-No problem."

Beck rocked back and forth on her heels and clasped her hands behind her back. "I'm Rebekah, but if you use that name I probably won't respond. You can call me Beck. And you are..." She trailed off, patiently awaiting his answer while he continued to stare.

"I'm, uh...Eddie. My name's Eddie."

"Nice to meet you, Eds," Beck replied with a genuine smile etched onto her face. Eddie opened his mouth to correct her, but ultimately decided not to. He liked the way the nickname sounded flowing from her lips, though he would never admit to that. "Anyways, I'm gonna go clean myself up. Try to stay out of trouble, yeah?" She sent a small wink in his direction, the corner of her lips lifting in a tiny smirk. "I may not be there next time to help you."

She spun on her heel and waved a quick goodbye over her shoulder before descending down the hallway, but she quickly stopped once she heard a quiet voice calling out to her.

"Wait!" Eddie ran to her side, his cheeks a deeper shade of red now as opposed to their previous pink tint. "My friends and I are going to the quarry tomorrow. You can come...but only if you want to."

Beck's mouth fell open in shock, completely speechless at his question. No one had ever invited her to hang out with them before, and she wasn't quite sure how to react. On the inside, she was ecstatic that someone had actually taken an interest in her, and she wanted to yell out, "Yes, of course!" but she didn't want to seem too desperate. She kept her composure as best as she could, even though it felt like someone had let loose a bunch of butterflies in her stomach.

"Sounds like a plan. Thanks, Eds. Just give me a time and I'll be there."

Eddie was equally as shocked at her answer. As much as Beck was surprised he asked, he was surprised she had agreed. But he was glad, and it showed when a bright smile appeared on his freckled face.

Something about the girl intrigued him, though he couldn't pinpoint what it was about Beck that made him feel that way. But he was determined to figure it out. "Is 9 okay?"

Beck nodded shyly and began to take a couple steps backwards. "9 it is. See you tomorrow." With one final smile, she turned and made her way to the door at the end of the hall. For a moment, it didn't seem real. Had she really just made a friend? And it was that easy? A tiny giggle escaped her lips as she walked with a sudden skip in her step. She didn't see the dazed smile on Eddie's face, nor did she hear what he whispered behind her.

"See you, Becks."